But long ſhee thinkes till he returne againe,
And yet the dutious vaſſall ſcarce is gone,
The wearie time ſhee cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
That ſhee her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for means to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhee cals to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing ILLION with annoy,
VVhich the conceipted Painter drew ſo prowd,
As Heauen (it ſeem'd) to kiſſe the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable obiects there,
In ſcorne of Nature, Art gaue liueleſſe life,
Many a dry drop ſeem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to ſhew the Painters ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhie lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There